



CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE, PUK-HAN.



MARKET SCENE—ON THE WAY TO CHIN-CHUN.

The Korea Magazine

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Editorial Notes.

WE are but one of the many sufferers by reason of the shortage of cargo boats on the Pacific. Seattle merchants in petitioning for relief state that five hundred car loads of freight are at that port awaiting shipment, while other Pacific cities have their docks equally congested.

IN recent months large numbers of Korean men and women have been taken to Japan by labor agents, and the experiment has thus far seemed to be a success. Work is found for them mainly in mines, railway shops and cotton mills, but as efficiency is demonstrated no doubt there will be many additional openings.

AFTER much preliminary planning and negotiation with the authorities the site has been purchased for the Chosen Christian College just beyond the suburbs outside the West Gate of Seoul. Architects are preparing plans and estimates, and within a few months the co-operating Missions and Boards expect active work to be commenced on the first buildings.

COAL is in greater demand in Asia now than at any other time in her history. While the supply is greater, more coal being mined, yet the consumer is compelled to pay almost double the prices of even last year. It is difficult to estimate how much of this price increase can be laid to war conditions, but when large users can continue to get coal at last year's prices it is quite evident that others who cannot purchase in large quantities are being exploited.

THE shortage of small coins has created such untoward conditions that the Bank of Chosen has undertaken to relieve the situation by issuing small-denomination bank notes to take the place of coins. The country districts are suffering the most, and it will be some time before they will feel the effects of the issue of paper money.

AMONG the methods for minimising misunderstanding and friction between the various nationalities probably none can do it quicker than the cultivation of personal friendships. No one is disposed to misunderstand a real friend. If we but desire it, there is no valid reason why almost any of us in the East, of any nationality, may not number among our personal friends representatives of at least a half dozen other nationalities. Let us cultivate international friendships, not alone for personal pleasure, but for far-reaching mutual benefit to individuals and ultimately to the benefit of nations.

IN editorial notes the first number of the excellent magazine *The New East*, published in Tokyo, after speaking of the great advance in the attitude of both governments and people in Russia, France, Great Britain, Canada and the United States toward the consumption of liquors, goes on to say: "We are glad that our American correspondent has chosen to write on the awakening of the great Republic to the dangers of the drink traffic because this is a subject which does not as yet receive as much attention as is desirable in Japan. Under foreign influences and because of the increase of wealth in certain classes of society, there has been an increase in the consumption of drink in Japan. There is every reason to believe that there will be a further increase. It is for those who have the welfare of Japan at heart to say whether they are quite easy about this matter. Even five years ago the production of sake was given as 2,700,000 koku (of a selling value of 289,000,000 yen.) Other Japanese liquors figured at 335,000,000 koku and beer at 196,404 koku (19,820,000 yen.) But a good deal has happened in five years. On the face of it, it seems odd that Japan, which desires above all things to

be progressive, should increase her drink consumption at the very time that other great nations have decided that the drink traffic may become a menace to national welfare. It would be strange if old fashioned ideas about drink should find supporters in a Japan which wishes to be up to date. As a great London newspaper confessed many years ago, 'The old notion that we drink because alcohol does us good has been exploded by science; let us be candid with ourselves and own that nowadays we drink because we like it.'

VERY much has been done in Korea in the last few years toward combatting the sudden great floods which have wrought such havoc on the mountain sides and along river courses. The work of destruction had gone merrily on for generations. Not only had the great trees of the forests been cut down, but all the young timber and even the underbrush had been removed. Later the twigs of the trees, the grass, and even the grass roots, had all been taken to satisfy the immediate demand for fuel, with no thought of the future. Not only was there nothing left to check the flow of water, but so sudden were the downpours and so swift the resultant floods that great gullies were gouged out of the mountain sides, while low-lying fields were left deeply covered with sand and clay. Literally hundreds of thousands of acres were made desolate, on which nothing could be produced. It has not been possible yet to entirely change these conditions, but great progress has been made in the work of re-forestation. Hundreds of thousands of trees are being planted yearly on the mountain-sides, strict regulations are observed concerning the removal of trees, and permission must be obtained before underbrush and the lower branches of small trees can be taken for fuel. In consequence many of the former denuded hill-sides are covered with green, the waters are being better controlled, and much former waste land is being reclaimed and put under cultivation. Not that the work is by any means completed. There is still abundant evidence that much remains to be done. Some of the work done on the excellent roads remains non-productive because of landslides covering

stretches of the road, and numerous streams are without bridges because of the floods. But the costly lessons of the past have been learned, and as rapidly as possible reparation is being made for the blunders of other days, and the whole country is the gainer thereby.

ANCIENT BURIAL IN KOREA.

The word Ko-ryu Chang has been misunderstood to mean burial alive as practised by the last dynasty. What the authority for this conclusion is is not evident. As far as ancient records available are concerned, it would seem that there was no such custom practised at any time in the enlightened state of Ko-ryu as burial alive. The name Ko-ryu may be a misrendering for *Ko-rye chang* (ancient ceremonial burial).

Soon-jang, or burial alive, is found in China during the *yul-gook* period, the time of the Divided States. The most noted of the kings to have the honour of the *soon* burial was Mok-kong of Chin, a kingdom that lay far off toward the borders of Tibet. He came to the throne in 650 B. C. and died in 621. We are told that he had 177 living people buried with him to bear him company to the eternal shades.

We read in the *Tong-gook T'ong-gam*, a History of Korea written by a noted scholar Su Ku-jung about 1480 A. D., "In ancient times burial was accompanied by the dishes, ornaments, and utensils used by the deceased while alive, as well as by images of persons made of straw, rude chairs, etc. These objects, representing the life of the departed, were buried with the dead. Later, however, wooden images replaced the straw, and finally living people were actually interred in place of the image, to do honour to the departed. A more terrible custom than this can hardly be imagined.

"The law of Silla required that when a king died this custom be observed, till finally it became a very honourable practice that was carried on through many generations. Five living men and five living women, were the number that were

buried along with each dead king, till Chi-cheung, the twenty-second ruler of the dynasty, in the year 502 A. D., put an end to the hateful practice."

There is no evidence that any such custom existed during the period of Ko-ryu. Had such been the case, we should have had notes and records of it, and assuredly an enlightened historian like Su Ku-jung would not have let it go by without a severe reprimand.

There are a number of ancient tombs south of Pyeng-yang just across the river, near the Mining Company's power-house, that have recently been unearthed under the skilful direction of Dr. Sekino of Tokyo. These underground chambers are two thousand years old and more, dating from the setting up of the Province of Nak-nang under the Han Kingdom 108 B. C.

To take one of them as a sample: We have an outer and an inner room, the outer room being six by nine feet square and seven feet high, the inner, nine by ten, and ten feet high. The inner room is the chief chamber. It is built of bricks modelled in style after the ancient Han Kingdom, and roofed in dome shape. Placed on the floor of the inner room to the right of the door are two mirrors, one large and one small. On each side of the room a sword lay lengthwise, parallel to the wall, a water-jar, coins and gold finger-rings.

In the outer room was an earthenware water-jar, a brazier, an arm-ring of gold, and a mirror.

As to whether these tombs served for the interment of the living along with the dead must remain a question. No such custom prevailed in the Kingdom of Han, and one can hardly imagine a state under its suzerainty, such as this part of Korea then was, adopting such a custom on its own authority. The probabilities are that these dishes and ornaments were so placed simply as a mark of honour to the dead.

These tombs antedate Silla and so existed a thousand years before the coming in of the Ko-ryu Period. They can have no relation to the tombs called *Ko-ryu chang* out of which come the pieces of pottery so well known to-day. The tombs of Ko-ryu that contain these specimens are so numerous that they cannot be confined to royalty. People of sufficient wealth or

standing had evidently special tombs prepared for themselves and when overtaken by death had all their precious dishes and ornaments placed beside them.

This seems to have ceased as a custom in the Yi Dynasty that came in in 1392 A. D. for we find Su Ku-jung in his history saying that the practice was an ancient custom, and referring to it as though it did not exist in his own day.

KOREA'S NOTED WOMEN—VIII

T'AK MOON-KOON

She was the daughter of a rich man named T'ak Wang-son, a native of Ch'ok, the land of tea, that lay far off on the borders of Tibet.

Very beautiful was this daughter, famous the world over, a singer too, and an adept at the Chinese character, so her father called her "Queen of the Pen," Moon-koon.

Her husband had died when she was very very young, and to her far off part of the world retired the famous scholar Sa-ma Sang-yu, one of the most noted of all the men of Han. He flourished in the second century B. C., but for some reason or other had been dismissed from the court. Thus he arrived in Ch'ok. No silken robes had he, but a brown face and thread-bare dress. There were no fears on the part of Wang-son that his widowed daughter would fall in love with one so worn a waif; but he was greatly mistaken, for underneath this unpromising exterior lay a knowledge of the character, and a skill of hand that was something wonderful. He played on the harp like one of the fairies from the fabled regions of the Western Queen Mother.

Wang-son, being a rich man, frequently invited guests to his home, and learning that Sa-ma was a noted scholar invited him also.

The daughter looked out upon the gathering, from a chink in the wall, and saw this plain unprepossessing guest. Sa-ma had heard that in this home was the most beautiful woman in the world, now a widow. He thought of this fair lady looking

from behind the embroideries and decided to play for her delectation the tune of the phoenix calling for his mate.

Moon-koon, being a judge of these things, eyed with deepening interest the lonely stranger. His message, telegraphed to her trained ear, was heard and answered by the heart. Regardless of all China's views on the question, and unknown to parents, she climbed the enclosing wall at midnight. Parents, name, station, fortune might all go, the fairy's tune upon the harp should have its way. Her fortunes henceforth were one with Sa-ma Sang-yu.

Not a cash piece would the irate father give to any such union as this, and she and her husband were cast penniless into the streets of Sung-to, now modern Ching-tou. Shocking decision! She decided to keep a wine-shop in the main street of the city, one purpose being to make something to live on, and the other being to shame the rich man, her father, who lived just over the wall.

Sa-ma did the work of a common menial, made the fires and carried the water.

There are echoes of a story that the parent relented at last and made some provision for his misguided daughter, and then, again, these are denied. We know, however, that Sa-ma by his grace and gifts as a poet rose to be China's greatest lord in the days of Moo-je (140-86 B. C.)

The fame of T'ak Moon-koon is as endless as the hills. Again and again in Korean stories her name recurs to tell of the power of love over all the laws that man can make. She has been the comfort and solace of every misguided girl in East Asia for 2000 years. "T'ak Moon-koon did so, why not I?"

On the whole she and her husband seemed to live happily together till he took a concubine, then trouble came. She held him up before the public in a song, Paik-too Eum, White Hair-ed Sorrow. She was old and Sa-ma had turned his thoughts to another. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Her day was over and only tears and sorrow remained.

Still T'ak Moon-koon shall never die. As long as the ancient books are studied, or the great Han Kingdom viewed with reverence from afar, she will live.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the *September* number.)

IV. LOVE'S VENTURE.

The green gauze lantern was lighted, and with this in hand the Boy led the way to seek Choonyang's house. They passed Sleep Gate and Bell Road, and beyond the great South Entry out to where the rising moon greeted the birds in the hills, and the voices of the running streams told of springtime. The passing clouds played hide-and-seek with the moonlight across the narrow way. But why did it seem so long?

At last they reached Choonyang's house, enwrapped as it was in a moonlight scene, where pines and bamboos formed a circling hedge, within which were white cranes keeping watch, and stately geese from the Tang's of China. Gold fish too, with their tinted and gilded bodies played in the miniature lake. The winding trailers of the grape clasped the pines and the bamboos, and tossed their leaflets at every stirring breeze. Looking from the enclosing wall there were winter and spring pines, red peonies, roses, orchids, everlastings, broad leafed bananas, the *gardenia rubra*, the white plum, white and red chrysanthemums (though of course not in bloom) orange and grapefruit trees, apples, peaches and apricots.

The dog sleeping under the lee of the wall, startled by the steps, awoke with a growl, and grumblingly barked out his suspicions, while the Young Master called to the Boy "Say, Boy!"

"Yes, sir!"

"How can we get over this obstruction?"

"Really I don't quite know," said the Boy. "By a running jump you might make it, sir, and after you had vaulted over you could then pay your respects to Miss Choonyang."

"You idiot, your words indicate that you are a fool. No one should attempt to get acquainted with a daughter without first knowing the mother. I must see her."

Just when he had finished saying this Choonyang's mother came out of the room, and gazed forth. She threw back the silken shutter with a rattling noise, but only the moonlight and the vacant court greeted her.

"Dog," said she, "stop that noise. Is it the moon over the mountains that you are barking at? The old saying that 'the dog barks at the moon' evidently meant you."

She moved cautiously back and then returned to the inner quarters where Choonyang was sitting reading. The mother said, "It's late, child, and are you still at your books?"

Choonyang came hastily to her mother's side, who sighed and said,

"But I did have a strange dream!"

"What was your dream, mother?" asked the daughter.

"The light was burning low in my room," said she, "bright as day it was, and I was leaning on the arm-rest and reading the *Sosang* Book, when suddenly I dropped off to sleep and had a dream. From over your cot a luminous cloud seemed to rise, and then suddenly a great blue dragon took you in its mouth and flew off with you toward heaven. I caught the beast around the waist and held on with all my might, and thus went bounding through the firmament, up and down, till all of a sudden I awoke with a start. The cold sweat came out on my back and my heart beat thumping noises; my spirit was in a state of terror. I could not sleep any more and hearing you reading, I came in to see how you were. I wonder what such a dream can possibly mean? If you were a son I would conclude from it that you were to win some great honour at the Examination."

While the two talked together, Choonyang's mother cast her eyes along the hedge wall, and there she saw a boy trying to hide himself.

"Are you a spirit?" called she "or are you a mortal? Are you one of the genii that dig elixir on the *Pongnai Hills? Who are you, I pray, that dares to go dodging about my house thus at midnight? I reckon you are some thief or other."

The Boy, ashamed, jumped down from the wall saying, "It is the son of the Governor, Master Toryong who has come."

*Pongnai Hills. One of the fabled abodes of the genii, supposed to belong to some celestial island in the Eastern Sea. The story of it dates from 250 before Christ. The fairy inhabitants of the place are said to live on the gems found on the sea-shore. The elixir of life is also dug from its enchanted slopes.

The mother gave a pretended start of amazement saying, "Who are you, are you not Pangja? Why didn't you say so? Really I've been very rude," said she, as she stepped toward the hedge-wall, and greeted the Young Master, taking him by the hand, "Don't be displeased at an old woman like me, whose eyes are dim and who talks without knowing what she is saying."

"At such an hour as this," replied he, "your words are the more grateful."

"Really you let me off too easily," said the mother. "Had I known it I should have given you a little more of my mind."

The Young Master laughed and she went on, "I never, never dreamed of your making a call at my home. Come in and refresh yourself before you go."

"Thank you," said he. "If you were a lady of my own age I might, but I am specially set against old people."

The mother laughed and said, "Yes, we old people ought to die and go away. You are set against Choonyang also, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha," responded he, "that's what I wanted to say."

The mother then led the way and with her left hand partially pushed aside the silken blinds of the room, saying, "Choongyang Master Toryong, the Governor's son, has heard of your proficiency in the Classics, and has come to call on you."

Choonyang stepped to the door, her pretty form and face looking like a rose in a palace courtyard, or like the blossom-lily of the lotus. She met him in a respectful manner, and after he was seated in her room the mother said, "Choonyang, the Young Master has come to see you, now say your word of greeting to him."

She did as directed and said, "Young Master, *allyung hassio!*" (Peace).

"Thanks," said he, "Peace to you!"

The mother then filled the pipe and gave it to him. He himself took a survey of the room, and while there was no special display of ornaments he saw, to his surprise, copies of several famous pictures. Here was King Tang, who offered himself a sacrifice for rain, and who, after trimming his nails and cutting his hair, carried out the required ceremonies so

perfectly, that he brought on a great downpour that covered several thousand *lee*, and sent him flying back to the palace with his imperial robes drenched.

On the south wall he saw the Four noted Old Men of the Immortals. They had a Chinese checker-board before them, at which they sat and moved piece after piece. One old man with a bird-tailed overcoat on, and a gauze head-band held a white piece in his fingers, while another wearing a grass-cloth head-gear held a black piece, and conned out the plan of the Lo River. A third old man with a staff in his hand, was prompting them as he looked over their shoulders. The fourth old man had taken off his head-band and had put on a wreath of pine and bamboo instead, and with a harp across his knees, was playing lightly and sweetly the Feather Mantle Tune, while the white storks about danced with delight at the music.

Looking at the north wall, he saw the thousand year peach that grows by the Lake of Gems, where the Royal Mother, So Wangmoo, has her pigeon-birds for messengers.

Beneath these sat Choonyang, more entrancing than the pictures, and fairer than any flower. There were besides in the room, an ornamental book-case, a willow letter folder, a green ink-stand, a coral pen-case, a stone water-bottle, a phoenix-pen and rolls of letter-paper. The Young Master was a scholar himself, but had never seen anything so neat and charming as this. His heart beat quickly so that he could scarcely speak.

At last the mother said, "There was no call for you to come to my humble home and condescend to visit me. May I ask what is the object of your coming?"

Dream-Dragon, in his perturbation at being so questioned, could scarcely find utterance. "Don't mention it," said he, "my call to-night is due to the fact that the moonlight is so splendid, and I wanted specially to see your daughter Choonyang. I want to say something to you too but do not know how to say it, how you will take it, or whether you will grant my request or not. How would you view it if your daughter and I should make an endless contract and be married?"

V.

AN ORIENTAL WEDDING.

The mother heard this without changing color but very naturally said, "My daughter, Choonyang, is not of the lower classes. His Excellency Saw of Hoidong, came here years ago on office, at which time he put away all others and took me. We were married, but after only a few months, he left for the capital to fill a place in the cabinet, and my father being old I was unable to leave him. When my little child was born I wrote to say that I would bring her as soon as possible. But my poor fortunes are ill-adjusted, and His Excellency died ere I could go, and so I have been left alone to bring up my daughter by myself. At seven she read the 'Lesser Learning,' studied house-keeping and morals; and because she is of an old and talented family she made great advancement in what she gave her mind to. She acquired a knowledge of the *Three Relations, of Love, Truth and Wisdom, so that I hardly dared call her my daughter. As my station in life was so humble I could not seek marriage for her with the gentry, and the lower classes were too low. I therefore sought in vain for a place for her future, and wearied my soul over it day and night, till now Your Excellency has come. As a butterfly scents the flower, you have evidently come, but if you should not mean it sincerely, or should prove faithless, or should leave her later to wear out her years forsaken, would it not be a grievous wrong? Think well over it first before you decide; better never venture than venture and fail. Let us not enter upon it unless you mean it truly."

The Young Master replied "Choonyang is not yet married. I too, am not married, and with this thought only in mind have I come. I am in earnest, let's not deal with it flippantly, or make light of it. If you but give permission, though we cannot have the marriage by all the Six Forms of ceremony, still as I am a gentleman whose word is his honour, let us swear the oath and write out the contract, and as sure as loyalty and

* The Three Relations. The subject's duty to his sovereign; the son's duty to his father; the wife's duty to her husband.

filial faith hold good let me never waver. If I do may I become a dog. Grant me your permission."

The mother thought of the dream that she had had, and finding that his name was *Mongyong*, or Dream-Dragon, her mind was greatly moved, so that she made no light remarks but with an earnest countenance gave consent. Said she "Even though the whole Six Forms of ceremony cannot be observed in a private wedding such as this, still we can have the regular certificated form made out and the witness sealed."

"Let's do so," said the Young Master.

The ink-stone was therewith brought, water from the coral bottle, and a weasel tailed pen, soft kneaded into shape, and then on white sky-paper the regular form was made out signed and sealed, and given to the mother. At the foot was this statement, "As wide as the heaven is wide, and as long as the earth endures, till the sea dries up and the rocks are worn away, may the Guardian Spirits of Creation bear witness to this our marriage."

Then according to the custom of the locality, a lacquered table was brought in with pickle on it, some dried fish, clams, and a plate of fruit.

The mother said, "Young Master, I have no sweets on hand, which is a bad omen for a mother-in-law to begin with, forgive me won't you. Please now help yourself. Choonyang, don't be ashamed but serve your husband gracefully."

She poured out the dainty glass that served for cheer. This the Young Master took and said to her—

"Like sweet sleep and yet not sleep, like a lovely dream yet not a dream. All the graduation charms in the world could not make me so happy as to-night. What cheering drink is this? There is virtue in it, in the first glass virtue for the father; in the second, virtue for the mother. The two united, mean virtue for the family and the home. The *Celestial Emperor's virtue was a Wooden virtue, and the Terrestrial

* Celestial Emperor, Terrestrial Emperor. These two belong to the legendary period or prehistoric ages of China. It is interesting to note that this Celestial Emperor's name is composed of the same characters "Tenno" the high title of His Imperial Majesty to-day.

Emperor's virtue was a Fire virtue; †Hau's was Water virtue. We have met by virtue of the Sages who have long preceded us, and have made a hundred year contract, due also to the virtue of our good and true-hearted mother. Choonyang's virtue and mine united asks that she drink and be cheered."

Choonyang then passed the glass to her. She took it, gave a sigh, dropped a tear, cleared her voice and said "A happy day this surely, never was there a happier. A fatherless home was mine but God has had mercy and sent this son of an illustrious family, and we have made a hundred year contract. What a boundlessly happy day! I long for my departed husband that he might have seen it with his eyes. I am dizzy at the thought."

Choonyang too, was rendered tearful like the rosebud in the morning with its drops of dew, but the Young Master comforted the mother saying, "To-day is a happy day, don't bother about the past, please, but have some refreshment."

She helped herself to a glass or two, and laughed and joked, and then sent away the table by the hand of the Boy, who did not fail to help himself liberally. He said to his master by way of congratulation "Please sir, peace to you on this happy occasion."

"Yes, yes," said the Master in reply, "but you keep your wits about you and do your work."

When the Boy had gone away the mother continued to talk to them in an aimless way and by an endless succession of haverings, till the Young Master wished her gone. He yawned and pretended all kinds of wearinesses. At last she laid the comforts for the night and took her departure. The two then remained alone, diffident somewhat and bashful before each other, till Choonyang took down a harp that she had, and played to him in a way that broke all the restraint.

"That's lovely," said he, "better than the flute of the †Yellow Crane Pavilion so long ago; prettier than the mid-

† Hau. He was the founder of the Ha Dynasty of China 2205 B. C.

† The Yellow Crane Pavilion. This is a famous ode written about 705 A. D. by a Chinese poet called Choi Kyong. So beautifully was it expressed, that when Yee Taipaik, the greatest writer of the Middle Kingdom, saw it he said "I will indite no more."

night bell-calls of the Hansan Monastery." Delighted at the music, he took her in his arms and told how his thoughts found their fulfilment of joy in her as in no other.

VI.

IT NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

Days passed, one, two, five, ten. How they loved and delighted in each other. One day in his light-hearted joy toward her he sang this love song.

"In the craggy clefts of his castle height
The old streaked tiger holds his prey,
But his teeth are dull and the deadly bite
That he once possessed has passed away.

"The blue scaled dragon of the north
Holds in his maw the jewel bright,
He rides the clouds as he sallies forth,
And sails through the air on the wings of night.

"The phoenix of the purple hills,
Has found the bamboo's fabled child,
Its charming flavor cools his ills
And fills his soul with raptures wild."

"Oh how happy," said he, "so happy. *Yongchuk rode the ox, Maing Hoyon rode the donkey, Yee Taipaik rode the whale, and Chuk Songja rode the crane, while the fishermen on the long stretch of river rode their leaf-like slender shallop. Creakety-creak, creakety-creak went the long propeller thrusts that sent the waters skurrying by. But Dream-Dragon has no wish to ride abroad, and doesn't wish to go away. My pretty one, my love, if you should die, what would I do? I shouldn't wish to live; and if I died what then for you? Ah, ha, how lovely, she, my pretty sweetheart, how I love her. When we die we'll make an endless contract that will bind us ever and forever. When you die what will you be? and when I die what will I be? If you become a river, let it not be the river of the sky the Milky Way, nor the river of the

* Yongchuk, Maing Hoyon, Yee Taipaik, Chok Songja are all famous Chinamen renowned in history.

mighty ocean, but the great and marvellous Eum-Yang river, that dries not up in hopeless years of famine. I, when I die, will be a bird, not a rock-pigeon, nor an oriole, nor a talking-bird, nor a peacock with a wavy tail, but the *Woonang bird I'll be, and on the smoky wavelets of thy blue limpid waters, touched with the white wings of the summer, I'll sport my days and nights and you'll know me, won't you, my pretty one, my sweetest love."

"When you die if you should be a flower, be not the peach which lines the river bank, where fishers follow in the wake of the beckoning waters; nor the willow catkins bedewed with the light morning rain that shades the dusty ways; nor the lotus; nor the azalea; nor the chrysanthemum, yellow or white; but the loveliest peony, and I, a butterfly, would in the soft spring breezes light upon your bosom, and waving in the sunshine, spread my wings and flutter here and there, and you would know me, wouldn't you? My love, my love, my pretty love.

The world's songs of love were marred by many uncomely words and references, such that a true and virtuous girl like Choonyang might not hear, and so he sang only selected ones.

"My pretty love," sang he, "If I look here I see my love; if I look there I see my love, companion of my future; my queen of virtue, I can see her one marked in history, I can see her; equal to Sawsee, I can see her; like to †Yang Kwipee, I can see her; better than Suk Yangja I find her. My love, my pretty love! What would she like? What can I find to please her? A round cash piece for a present?"

"No" she says, "I have no use for money."

"Then what?" says he, "Round drops of mountain honey tipped on a silver spoon?"

* Woonang Bird. This is the mandarin duck, which in the Orient is the emblem of conjugal fidelity.

† Yang Kwipee. She was one of the most famous of China's beautiful women and lived about 750 A. D. The Emperor by an utter abandonment to her fascinations spent his time and squandered the nation's resources to please her. At last the advance of the northern hordes awoke him from his dream but it was too late, for at Ma-kwei Pass he was massacred and the famous Yang Kwipee was strangled by one of her own eunuchs in order to save her from the hands of the savage conqueror.

"No," she says, "I want not honey."

"Then what?" says he again, "Sweet apricots, if not gold or silver money?"

He requested her to sing him a love-song and she at last consented. "My love, my love, my gallant love! If I look here I see my love; if I look there I see my love. I see him a future candidate with honours; I see a master crowned with laurel; I see the chief of all the literati; I see him as a minister renowned; I see him great in counsels of the state; I see him chief among the senate, my love. My true love, loftier he than all the mountains; deeper than the deepest sea; I see him fairer than the moon across the Musan hill tops; sweeter than the pipes that play for love's first dances; handsomer than peach and plum blossoms that show through the hanging shades at the close of the day. My love, my handsome love!"

Thus as they sang and addressed each other the cock crew. On this the Young Master thought of his father and mother and hurriedly started for the *yamen*. Choonyang remarked, "It's an old saying that all begins well but little ends well. I think of our agreement of a hundred years. May we have no tears and sorrow through it." The Young Master heard this and came back once again to tell her how he loved her, saying "Let's not say Good bye."

A day or so later, however, there came a despatch from the palace, saying that the governor was promoted to be Secretary of a Board, and that he was to return at once to Seoul. He called his head-runner and his head-bearer, and had his official palanquin put in order; called his captain of the guard, and arranged his baggage, summoned the heads of the six offices and took account of their work, made note of expenditure and receipts, and then, sent for an office-boy to call the Young Master.

At this very moment he had just come in, and the Governor said to him "Look here youngster, where have you been?"

"I have been to the Moonlight Pavilion," answered Dream-Dragon.

"What have you been to the Moonlight Pavilion for?"

"I went there," said he, "because I heard that there were many famous inscriptions posted up that I wanted to read."

"I have heard a lot of ugly rumors about you," said the Governor. "The son of a gentleman, nearing twenty years of age, who cares nothing about a matter of promotion in his own family, but goes aimlessly about here and there is a pretty hopeless case."

"What matter of promotion?" asked Dream-Dragon.

"Why, I have been made Secretary of a Board and am to return to Seoul. Get your accounts straightened out at once and be ready to start to-morrow. You must leave in the morning early with your mother."

When Dream-Dragon heard this he was simply dumb-founded. Tears blinded his eyes. If he had dared to wink they would have fallen over his face like rain, so he held them open and gazed.

Said he, "Father, if you go first, I'll put my affairs in order and follow."

"What do you mean? Nothing of the kind, you must go at once.

The Young Master turned him about.

"You'll make a proper fool of yourself some day yet," said the father.

Since there was no help for it, he came forth wilted down like a bedraggled flag-cloth. Formerly when he had looked toward Choonyang's home the world had all been sunshine, now his eyes were beclouded and his eyes and his thoughts were misty and confused. He said to himself in his perplexity, "Shall I leave her and go, or take her and go? I am afraid I cannot take her, and yet I cannot leave her. What shall I do? My heart is in agony. Shall I laugh, or shall I cry? If I propose to take her my father's fierce and awful resentment will fall upon me. I cannot take her. If I say I'll leave her, she is the kind to break her heart and die over it. What shall I do?"

(To be continued).

MY DOG

BY

YI KYOO-PO (1168-1241 A. D.)

"When I behold your glossy shimmering back, I wonder if you are a descendant of the goddess Pan-o; while again your swift devouring speed would suggest that you are a child of the dragon. Your feet are like rounded bells, and you have a black lacquered nose. All the joints in your body are alert, and your tendons on the wing. I love you for your faithfulness to your master. Your office is to guard the gates. For this reason I regard your fierce ways as commendable, and your suspicious questionings as quite the proper thing. I have reared you, cared for you, fed you, and though you are only a humble beast, you are really high-bred and born of the influence of the Seven Stars (Little Bear). For instinct and animal wisdom what creature can equal you? On the slightest call you are awake with lifted ears. Though your barkings are unregulated by any set law, still no one is harmed; if your bitings were such and you laid hold promiscuously there would be consternation surely.

Listen now till I give you good counsel: When you see a crowd of official servants crush in at my gate with rattle and clang of confusion, let them go by and do not bark. When His Majesty, pondering over the Sacred Books, finds a difficulty and sends a eunuch post-haste to call his teacher (me), do not bark at him either. Even though it be night time let him go by. Whoever it is that brings a grateful offering to your master, dainties, sauces, sweets, fragrant wines, soy, be courteous, say not a word. When the company of the literati, well-robed and with books under their arms, come to inquire concerning the ancient sages, keep yourself under control and say nothing.

I'll tell you just when to bark and when to bite. Listen now. The rascal who peeks in to see whether the place is occupied or not, who worms his way over the wall and comes spying here and there, whose purpose is to carry off yellow gold, or whatever else he can lay his hands on, then you give the word,

and grip him fast. Also the man who is fair and sleek on the outside, but is full of dark design inwardly, and who comes with purpose to injure or play the foul assassin, who goes with ladder against the wall to spy one's whereabouts, fasten your eye on him and pipe out the alarum.

"Also when the old fakir or witch come poking their noses in wanting to show off some sleights of hand, with no end of evil in their train to deceive and lead the mind astray, lay fast hold and grip them tight.

"If unclean spirits or goblins take advantage and come glowering about in the night to ply their deceptive arts, bark aloud and drive them off.

"If wild-cats or rats find their way in through waste holes or along the gutter edges, grip them till there is no voice left in their bodies.

"If there be meat in the cupboard do not play the thief yourself or touch it; if remains of a rice meal be in the kettle do not lick it over. Do not climb up into the hall or go digging the courtyard with your feet. Do not leave the gate unwatched, or sleep too long at an innings.

"If you have puppy dogs to care for let them be fierce-jawed with yellow breasts like the tiger, and tails like the flying-dragon. Thus may your breed long endure.

"If you hear and obey what I say and let my words sink into your heart, in a thousand years when I have gone to dwell in the abodes of the genii, I shall obtain some of the elixir of life for you, feed you on it and take you with me to heaven. If any man says to you that it is not so never mind him, just mind what I say and all will be well."

COMMONPLACES.

Today is child of yesterday
And father of tomorrow.
Then rear it well or it may leave
A heritage of sorrow.

F. S. M.

KOREAN STORIES.

BY

SUNG HYUN (1439-1504 A. D.) A BOLD FRONT.

Minister Ha Kyung-bok said, "When I was a young man I was saved three times by a bold front and a defiant manner. When the rebellion broke out in the days of Tai-jong a friend of mine was taking his turn at office in the Palace and I went in to have a chat with him. Just as I had gone in, the gates suddenly closed so that I could not get out again. I hurried here and there till I was met by a group of soldiers. They arrested me and were about to take my head off when I drew back my sleeve and gave them a blow that sent them tumbling, and then they shouted out, 'What do you mean by trying to kill us, you rascal you?' King Tai-jong got wind of the trouble, called them and after inquiry let me off.

"Another time I was on a journey through the mountains when suddenly I met a fierce man-eating tiger, with no way of escape. I gripped him by the throat and held him down. All the others of the party ran for their lives. I shouted for help but no one came. I had no knife, not even a short bladed one, but my bare hands only. There was a bank near by with a deep pool beneath and this was my hope. Like grim death I held on and dragged him little by little to the edge, almost dead myself from exhaustion. The sweat rolled over me but at last I got his head under and held him down till he breathed water so that his stomach swelled and his strength gave way. Then I finished him off with a stone and a club. If I hadn't had ginger in me I could not have done it."

(I said to Kim, "I think this story of Sung Hyun's is a bit far fetched. That part where the stomach swelled is too much for me." "Not at all," says Kim, "such things as this have frequently happened. More than one tiger has found his match in the Korean man." We left the third case for another day, two being enough.)

AN UNCANNY EXPERIENCE.

My uncle, on the mother's side, ex-governor An, when a young man, was once on his way to his country home mounted

on a scraggy pony and with a small boy along to bear him company. Some ten li or so before he reached his destination, night came on and thick darkness. Not a soul was about. Away to the east in the direction of the old county town, lights suddenly appeared dancing about as though a party of hunters were out for game. Little by little they approached, till at last they surrounded him on all sides stretching for a length of some two miles or more. Of a surety they were hobgoblin lights, this he knew. Here was a dilemma, with no way to advance and no road by which to retire. He did not at first know what to do, till finally he laid on his whip and rode for his life. The lights, meanwhile, scattered from him and moved away.

The sky was black as ink and the rain began to fall so that going became more and more difficult, but the fact that these goblin creatures had moved away was a cause of thankfulness and his fears were less distressing. He crossed another hill and began his descent by a winding path, when suddenly the lights appeared again and blocked the way before him. Here was a fix. There was no help for it, so he drew his knife and made a dash for their midst. The fires retired in all directions and took refuge among the trees, where they clapped their hands and laughed.

At last he reached home in a state of inexpressible fear, and finally fell heavily asleep. The servants, men and women, under the light of pine-knot torches were gathered in the court making straw ropes. Suddenly, half-waking, and seeing these fires, my uncle sprang from his mat and shouted, "These fire-devils are after me again." He drew his knife and made a wild dash into the startled company slashing at them right and left. They barely escaped with their lives.

Wouldst leave thy footprints?
Then dare to break the way,
For sludge and mire the path
Of rank and file betray.

F. S. M.

VILLAGE GOVERNMENT IN OLD KOREA.

The ancient Korean people greatly enjoyed variety in their names for title and office. They built up a list and meditated over it, and added to, and multiplied it during the long ages of the past so that there has come down to us an endless variety for all sorts of office.

The school-teacher was a *sun-saing*, or a *kyo-jang*, or a *seu-seung*, or a *hoon-jang*, or a *chup-jang*, or something else. Their names were legion and all the world enjoyed it.

In introducing as noted a character as the village Headman, the writer will have to bring him forward in his array of names. He was a *Too-min*, Head of the People; a *Chip-jang*, Keeper of the Law; a *Choa-sang*, One who has the Floor; a *Tong-jang*, Moderator of the Village; the *Yi-jang*, Chief of the Town; the *Tong-su*, the Squire; the *Pang su*, the District Leader; the *Chuk-il*, Honest Man of the East; the *Chik-wul*, Honest Man of the West; the *Chon-wi*, Officer of the Borough; the *Pang-jang*, the County Reeve; the *Myun-jang*, Lord of the Canton; the *So-im*, Man of Affairs.

The Headman's labours yielded him no pay, and yet they carried with them abundant reward in the way of honour. Korea has always recognized the dignity of office if not of labour. The buttons behind the ears, the divided coat, the girdle, the cap, the embroidered stork, the tiger, the dragon, were all looked on with desire, and the ambitions of the nation bore mightily in their direction. But the Headman of the village had no buttons, and was an exceedingly humble personage when viewed in the light of these ornaments. They, buttons and embroideries, belonged to the official class, while he was simply one of the people, and had no concern with the great central government. He was a king in his own town, but in the Capital he was but a rusty countryman. His marks of office were not seen in the clothes he wore, or in the buttons behind his ears, but in the fact that he had before his house implements of correction, the rod, the paddle, the flogging-board, etc., etc. He was the watch-dog of his hamlet, and when trespassers approached, his stentorian bark echoed

through the valleys. When away from his village, however, any local cur could whip him.

As to the selection of the Headman, it was arrived at by the most democratic methods, for while the magistrate's approval was necessary, he was, first of all, the choice of the people. There have existed in Korea certain local rights and liberties that have never been questioned. For example, the people of the village might meet together, with all the noise and tumult imaginable, to discuss local affairs, and there would be no objecting voice, but let them once begin discussing Caesar or his way of doing things, and wrath would fall upon them.

The Headman was not necessarily the richest man in the town, nor the oldest, nor the highest in a social way, nor the most learned. A villager might attain to one and all of these graces, and yet never arrive at the place of Headman. The Headman had to be before everything else a wise man, who knew the way of the world and how it wagged. A mere scholar given to grinding over Chinese characters would never do; in fact might make a most incapable chieftain. Koreans were wise enough to see to this, and to choose a man who had personal magnetism, experience of the world and a gift of handling men.

The principal duty of the Headman was to see that taxes were collected once a year, and a more stupendous task can hardly be imagined in a land like old Korea. Through many ages, in her free and easy way, she seems to have existed without ever paying as she went. To think of the task of extracting from every house-holder the amount due an exorbitant government was simply appalling. The Headman, however, regarded it not so, but kept his poise perfectly and his equilibrium. He was usually a genial, good-natured, large-minded, well-fed Oriental, who had not the first mark of care or anxiety about him. Others might fail to collect or keep accounts in reasonable order, even after spending no end of strength in demonstration and threatening, but the Headman would see that all the taxes were in before the 4th Moon and no noise about it.

The tax sheet, with names and amounts, was made out by the Magistrate who passed it on to the Headman with orders to collect. This list is interesting by way of illustrating one of Korea's ancient peculiarities. You may run it over and yet not find a single name that you were familiar with though you knew every man in the village. Let me explain: It was distasteful to Old Korea to get a dunning letter of any kind, even from the tax-collector, and so, to avoid the shock that it might occasion, the Government resorted to a peculiar expedient in the tax-list. The plan adopted not only saved the ratepayer's face, but also extended to him a certain amount of honour in the presence of his natural enemy the central Government, so instead of writing Yi Chang-jik 100 *yang*, Kim Yun-il 50 *yang*, Saw Sang-pil 40 *yang*, the list would run No Kap-ja 100 *yang*, or as we might say translate it Slave 1864, 100 *yang*, that is Yi Chang-jik's imaginary slave, No Kap-ja, was asked to pay instead. So the list ran, No Chung-wul, Slave January, 50 *yang*, No Tuk-nam, Slave Virtue, 40 *yang*.

Yi Chang-jik might live in a thatched hut, and be not worth more than 25 yen, but in the tax-list he would be marked a dignified householder, credited with a man Friday or some otherwise designated slave. The tax-list flattered on the one hand while it commanded on the other, an excellent method when dealing with the question in hand.

I am told by well-informed Koreans that this custom has come down from the past, when only large land owners paid, and when officials out of fear of offending them wrote a slave's name instead of that of the real landlord.

In case of failure to pay up, the magistrate would arrest, not the delinquent rate-payer but the Headman of the village, on whose devoted pate, though he worked for nothing and boarded himself, fell the wrath of the central government. The faithful watch-dog of the village, who had not only proven a protector, but who had reconciled a thousand disputes and differences, and made friends of enemies, is strapped down to the flogging-board like a common criminal and has the paddle laid on, though it must not exceed thirty blows. He rises from this ordeal smarting and out of favour with the

central government, but with not a shade less of dignity or influence in his native village, for they recognize that he has suffered not on his own account, but for the sins of his people.

The Headman not only collected taxes but he kept order in the village. He was police-magistrate and constable in one. As mentioned before he had a rod, a paddle and a flogging board, and doubtless having tasted the flavour of it himself before the magistrate, he could the better see to the application of it in his own village. Beside these he usually had placed in the market-square a pair of stocks for obstreperous persons who disturbed the quiet of the market. He had power to arrest disorderly people and if need be expel them from the village.

The chief crimes noted and dealt with by the Headman were, lack of filial piety, insults done the gods, and drunk or disorderly conduct. The weightier cases were handed over to the magistrate who alone had power to pass the death sentence.

In case of raids from robbers an ancient law called *o-gak chak-tong* was put in force, when every five houses chose a headman of their own.

We are told also that the Headman of the village looked after the roads, but I am inclined to think that Korean roads came of age many centuries ago, and have looked after themselves ever since. They seem to have gone through a persistent course of transmutation until they have graduated into a state of humps and rocks and pit-falls that threatened to go on uninterruptedly world without end. The writer recalls once when the Headman of the village was ordered by the magistrate to remove the gutter from the middle of the street to the sides and so provide something for the people to walk upon, a very reasonable request, and I can certainly vouch for the need of it. A band of modern socialists could not combat their opponents with more vigour and less lack of reason than did the town's people this most unheard of command. The gutter had wandered along the middle of the road for fifty generations and all men were at peace; who was this magistrate, and who was his father, that he should

order such? I am inclined to think that the item of roads was erased from the Headman's book long ago.

In connection with the guardianship of the village let us not forget the gods who were planted by the wayside just at its entrance. These were usually hacked out of a rough piece of wood and stood six, eight or ten feet high, painted with fierce grinning faces and often with beards tacked to them. It is interesting to note that the male member of the guards was designated as belonging to heaven, while the female belonged to the nether regions, the one being marked the General of Heaven, the other the General-ess of Hell. These were erected by order of the Headman and were intended to keep out sickness and evil spirits that used to abound so in old Korea.

Each village had its religious services and its local shrine where sacrifices were offered once or twice a year, and on special occasions when prayer was offered for rain.

Three men were chosen in public assembly to take charge of the village sacrifice, the *che-kwan*, the *chuk-kwan* and the *chip-sa*. We might designate them as the Priest, the Prayer-master and the Attendant. They were not usually chosen because of their filial piety or for any other gifts except that they were popular in the village and able to poll a vote. In the Book of Mourning Rites there is stated just what shall take place and how on an occasion like this. These three officers fast for three days before the ceremony, living apart from their wives, and strictly guarding their sight from anything that could defile. The eye must not see the dead, even a dead dog or a dead pig. To look upon the flames of a fire would also defile and render the person unfit for the ceremony.

They would bathe on the day of sacrifice, and then, dressed in ceremonial garb, go forth to offer cattle or pigs as the case might be. Raw and cooked rice were arranged on tables before the shrine. Great spirits come out of their habitation only in the darkest hours of the night, before cock-crow, and then it was that the sacrifice was offered. Two lights were kept burning and incense of cedar wood arose constituting the invitation to the spirit to come down and inhale the offering.

Thus the ceremony was conducted. The Priest offered three glasses of spirit, the reason being that two or any other even number is unpropitious. While the Priest knelt the Prayer-master stood and said, for example, "*Yu-se-cha kap-ja nyun*, etc. Now in this Kap-ja year, 1st moon, third day, in this *ha* hour, I, Kim Yoon-sam, (the Priest's not the Prayer-master's name) pray thus to the village God. Aid us oh Spirit, shelter us from the dangers of the future, deign to accept this glass of wine, and this food offered reverently."

During this time the Priest and Attendant kneel.

When the ceremony was over the village fell to and ate, each man according to, and, if possible, a little beyond the extent of his original contribution.

Usually a little ragged hut among the trees, or the grove back of the village, marked the place of ceremony. Korea's belief in the local god is surely not strong for his temple is left to fall to pieces, and the rags and papers that ornament it flap in the wind.

Such is a short outline of the village Headman's life and the village Headman's world. Altogether he is a man well worth meeting, a man who exemplifies in his life that quality so lacking the world over, the giving of his service for the public good. Long may his good name and his memory last.

GRIND.

The title of this article may sound something like college slang, but it suggests a fact that is of consequence to all missionaries. Grind is one of the keys to the chambers of the Orient, forged in accord with her idea of the eternal fitness of things.

All learning, all knowledge, all skill is acquired by the process of grind. Its method requires the anesthesia of all the outstanding faculties, the shutting tight the eyes of the soul, and then the swing off into a semi-hypnotic state to go over, and over, and over, the subject matter till it can be repeated forwards, backwards, upside down or on end.

The child who enters school begins his studies with one of the most difficult classics of the East, the *Thousand*

Character, but, nothing daunted, he swings himself off into the pace of his father and keeps it up *hanal-ch'un, da-chi kamul-hyun, nooroo-whang*, to the end of the chapter; yes, until he can sing it as boys at home sing *Old Grimes*. In his round of the day he begins at six o'clock in the morning, and ceases only when the shadows call him to sleep. Over, and over, he sings his lesson, till he has ground the music of it into his inner soul, without bothering tuppence as to what it means. This is his first book, and this is the way he learns it. With it he acquires the method of study that continues through all his education. The thinking, reasoning faculties are left by the way-side, while the memory-machine writes on its tablet-plates the long succession of Chinese sounds that hide, as well as convey, the meaning.

His time is divided into three parts, one part for reading, one part for writing, and one part for composition. The writing, like the reading, becomes a product of memory. Over, and over again he writes the same 7 strokes (there are only 7 of them in all Chinese writing) and yet it takes from 15 to 20 years to perfect the hand in their execution. Composition requires some slight use of the thinking powers, and yet very slight, as it is simply the calling up of combinations so often seen.

Thus has the East, Korea especially, been made, moulded, and fashioned, and now into this ancient world comes the Westerner with his very superficial education, seeing he has dipped into a thousand things and touched only the border fringes of them. He has a mind that is miserably poor as to accurate memory, but tingling, and almost bursting with what he might call thought-methods. He can argue, and declaim, and dispute, and wrangle to no end, but when it comes to quoting a classical passage from one of his own masters he is not "in it." And yet here he is, a teacher, knowing nothing of the law of grind, and gloriously unconscious that anything in the world exists outside of his one and only way. Some time spent in investigation in the first place, and a measure of adaptation in the second are what he needs. For the West to put its methods on the East and make them its *modus operandi* will undoubtedly spell failure.

Unless we can make use of Eastern grind and adapt it to our needs we shall fail to make any deep impression upon this people. One of the difficulties in the situation, when it comes to the missionary, is, that the law of grind has been associated with the Chinese character almost altogether, and so is very difficult to make use of with anything that pertains to the native-script. Few people can quote passages from our Un-moon New Testament, while in old days, when we had only Chinese versions, they seemed to quote with great ease. The helper who sat at the writer's elbow for a number of years learned the Griffith John version nearly all by heart. He could sing it off as a flute-player plays his flute, page after page, for he had taught himself by the law of grind, according to the old methods of the East, and he could use it with great effect when he chose.

Behold the foreigner with his methods fresh from the West, expecting the class to do the talking, while he, the master on the chair, touches this and that button that calls forth well-rounded remarks, inquiries, comments, reasonings. But it does not work. The East sits waiting for something to learn, and when it can get nothing better it takes the dry straws of *so-jee* and *tai-jee* and chews away at them.

In so far as the Scriptures are ground into the soul of the people the church will live and abide as a spiritual help for time to come. But the light, superficial, strengthless hold that a Western reading gives will never suffice.

The church in Korea, since the coming of the Un-moon Bible, cannot quote Scripture any more. Un-moon is not constituted of material that can readily be quoted. No satisfactory grind is possible with Un-moon, and without the grind the Book will never take possession of the soul. If the soul be not filled and held with the Scriptures the church of the future will swing away without chart or compass. We must find a way through. Mixed-script will help us. Let us apply to it as far as we can the simple but very effective law of grind.

SPECTATOR.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

(Continued from the *September* number.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY WHO KNOW NO FEAR.

The Christians had not long to wait before finding sound reasons for their apprehensions. Late the next afternoon a dozen of the magistrate's servants appeared in the Christian community and led the whole band to the magistrate.

"You are wanted," said a rough man to the widow. "Move, now, the magistrate has called for you." She was sitting on a mat in the farther part of her front room reading her red covered Bible.

"Why, yes," said she, without surprise, "certainly I shall be happy to wait upon his Excellency. I did not know that he was pleased to see me." She arose and slipped the Bible in a case made of a long piece of cloth and then bound it around her waist. "I am quite ready now if you will lead the way."

He replied with a gruff "come along" using the lowest language. "High time," said he, "for you Christians to learn that you can't deny your ancestors, deceive the ignorant, rail at old customs, without being made to suffer for it. Move now, or I will tie your hands."

The threat was made evidently from force of habit, as the lady was walking rapidly at his side without faltering. As they passed the chapel, Mr. Kim was led out with his hands tied behind him. He glanced at her with a smile of recognition as his conductor ordered him to follow at her heels. His heart stirred as he noticed her light, almost youthful step. Then, he remembered her testimony at the examination and rebuked his own misgivings. Soon the man leading the woman placed her in the charge of Mr. Kim's captor and started down another street. "I have another one of these Christian dogs down here that I must flog into line," he said.

Mr. Kim stepped abreast of Grandmother Pagoda and they were led toward the yamen. "Do you know how to start it? Let me see," said she, "I don't remember just how it goes," and she hummed beneath her breath 'If on a quiet sea?' "Oh, yes, I have it now. Shall we sing it, Mr. Kim? My heart is full and it seems that I must sing, but, if you think I had better not, just say so," and without waiting for a reply she chanted the chorus.

When they arrived at the yamen nearly the whole group of Christians were there under guard, and soon the absent ones were brought in. They appeared with scared, white faces, some with Asiatic imperturbability, and others with the triumphant glad looks of the persecuted. They were ordered into the presence of the magistrate. He was seated on a high platform that formed a part of the magistrate's office quarters. The platform would have been an ordinary room if it had been enclosed, but three sides had been left open and instead of the ordinary stone and mud floors with their flues it was made of wood and an open space could be seen beneath. The prisoners were ordered to kneel in a row in the open yard, before the official, some six feet below him, and at a distance from his elevated seat. The fat magistrate sat in silence looking at his prisoners for some time. He counted them, there were fifteen; then he turned and talked in an undertone to his secretary, evidently discussing the character, and the financial condition of each prisoner. He had never arrested a company of Christians before, and it was only a few months ago when he had been overawed by some who represented themselves as members of that sect. He would, therefore, proceed with caution; if he should let fall his blow, it must fall where it would do himself no harm and tell most for his exchequer, and, at the same time, make a final disposal of the hated question of Christianity among those under his jurisdiction.

"That big fellow at the end of the line, the one like an ox, who is he?"

"He," replied the secretary, "is called Kim, the preacher, from Rocky Ridge."

"Kim," was the surprised reply, "I thought that he had left,

he called on me, or rather I sent for him some time ago; he seemed a decent kind of a chap, that is for a Christian. Is he connected with the foreigner in any way?"

"I think, your Excellency, he is in their service; at least, so I have been informed."

"I would it were not so," said the wily magistrate. "I crave not a mix up with them, they would be no pleasanter than a mix up with Bali, the robber. Think you he has money?"

"I know not, it is said that the foreigner's pockets are well lined and if they care enough for their employees to see them safe in life and limb they may make it well to your advantage to deal with him. His body is big and would stand the paddle well."

"We shall see, we shall see. His hands are tied, that is well," observed the magistrate. "Now who is that chap in the center of the line, the one who seems to be shaking as if with cold; who is he?"

"He? Why, he is a farmer. They say he has just begun the new faith."

"Ha! I fear he will shake all his faith out of him, and if it sticks too closely to his ribs perhaps we can assist in loosening it."

The secretary laughed, and others who had pressed up to listen joined in.

"Now, what is that, who is it that is making that noise?"

"Why that is Grandmother Pagoda, you know Grandmother Pagoda? Every one knows her. She is the one next to the Preacher, Kim. She is singing. You can't stop her mouth, she will sing at all hazards."

"What!" said the magistrate, "singing 'Happy Day.' Sure it must be delightful to wait for a paddling. What, is she crazy? How old is she?"

"Old?" replied the secretary, "She is as old as the hills. You see, she is called grandmother, but, rightfully she should be called great, great, grandmother. When she was born her oldest brother was already a grandfather; that would make her grandmother at her birth. Now she is old, dear me, I know not how old. However, because of the family history she is

honored as being one hundred and fifty years old. Crazy? No, not she. Had she not become a Christian, I would say she had more sense than some whole clans, yet you can not tell; old age will kick up such curious pranks. It may be that she is getting in the limbos, otherwise, why should a person of her age take up with something new and strange?"

"It does, indeed, seem that she is losing her mind," said the magistrate. He ran his eye further down the line. "What have we here, young women? How this wickedness has spread! I must crush it out," he added with decision, "how is it that it has captivated our young and pretty women? Ah, Secretary, I must see those faces. Tell them all to stand." The order went out and was repeated in chorus by the magistrate's servants who had formed a half circle around the prisoners.

They rose to their feet. Mr. Kim and Grandmother Pagoda looked frankly into the eyes of the magistrate; others of their number shifted their eyes as if they had, indeed, been guilty of some crime. The three young women turned their faces aside and their cheeks crimsoned with shame. They had never before been gazed upon by other than members of their own families, and their faces crimsoned as the magistrate and his servants gazed into their faces with many a coarse jest.

Grandmother Pagoda looked at the magistrate and then down the line into the faces of her three young friends. On either cheek burned a red spot.

"Your Excellency," she said at last, "I am a poor, old, ignorant woman, perhaps I have no right to speak, but from the laws of the land and the dictates of etiquette I did not know that in case the Magistrate arrested any of his people he would allow them to be treated with insult, at least not till they were condemned."

"What, speak you to the magistrate thus?" cried a runner. "I'll teach you," and he struck her with the palm of his hand across the face. "Teach him his duties, will you? Another word and your old age will not save you. What difference is there between an arrested person and a con-

demned person when it comes to the Christians?" The magistrate did not rebuke him, and he walked off muttering something about insolence of old age.

The magistrate waved his hand and the runners grew quiet while the prisoners waited for him to speak.

"Here, you," he said, pointing to a rugged looking man with a skin burned into a deep brown, who stood in the middle of the line, "What is your name?"

"O-Kang-suk," said the man.

"Where do you live?"

"I live in this town, sir, down by the creek just above the bridge."

"What are you following this wickedness for? Tell me by what means does it lead you from your family, your ancient clan traditions, and cause you to incur the wrath of the spirits of your home, and jeopardize the safety of your neighbors, because of such infidelity? Speak fellow, tell me, why?"

"I think myself most happy, your Excellency, that I can speak before you on this matter. Though I am dull of thought and ignorant of most things, I will try to give you an idea of the motives that have led me to do what you have been pleased to term, 'this great wickedness.' My neighbors all know me, so do some of your servants. If they will, they can testify how I was of all the roughs in this town the greatest tough and filled with all villainy. Why sir, I have been the bully of the town many years, and, at some time or other, I have thrashed nearly all the younger generation; I have fought with every man in your service, and if they will testify to the truth, they will tell you that I licked them all, but as they finally became connected with this office, they have each one been diligent to see that I was punished for their humiliation. Why, sir, I hardly know how many times I have spent periods in your prison here, and I can show you scars all over my legs where I have paid the penalty of many an escapade and some of the sins of my neighbors, and, sir, you will pardon me, but I often used to long for a chance to show you that I could drink more wine in a day than you could. Many said I could not do it, but I believe even now I could have done so.

I was guilty of all these sins and many more that I now blush to name. When I visited markets, which I often did, as I made my living a good part of the year traveling from one market to another, I did not think that I was happy, or that the day had been spent well unless I had crushed someone's hat. You may punish the innocent as all magistrates do and have laid up many sins against the day of wrath, but I believe I was more wicked than you, sir. Do not think that I did not know better, and did not have times when I wanted to reform; they were many, but I could not do so, anymore than can you. I have been called in question so many times for the work of the devil at this place that I am now glad to be called here in question for my Lord's work." Here he extended his open palms toward the magistrate and while the tears trickled down his sunburnt cheeks, exclaimed with his face all aglow, "My sins are gone—all gone—and I am happy! happy!" Mr. Kim said "amen" deeply and solemnly.

The magistrate was mystified, and was growing angry; he had never dealt with anything like it before. What should he do?

"The brazen scoundrel," said he, to his secretary, "he would pretend that his new faith had reformed him. What mummery is this anyway? The old hag sings, and the preacher says 'amen.' What shall I do with them? Did you say that Kim was associated with the foreigner?" he said without giving his secretary time to answer. "Ah, I have it, they refuse to work in their fields on the seventh day, don't they, ah, yes, and their noise is a nuisance."

"Here, you!" he called to the waiting line, "put out your hands, let me see them," the order was repeated by a dozen yamen runners. "Out there with them, you there, you women, out with them now, or I will flog you and have done with it."

They extended their hands before him, rough and worn with toil, and the secretary was sent down to examine them closely. "What do you say"—asked the magistrate "are they idle?" "They may be, but their hands are as rough as a dog's paws," was the reply.

"Well, well, but I was told they were idle."

The hands of the little group gradually fell from weariness.

"What!" roared the magistrate, "disobey me! Out with those hands, or I will flay you with the paddle." The command brought all hands out again, but the strain was too great for the young women and they broke into tears as their hands again came down to their sides. The secretary whispered something in the magistrate's ears and the latter nodded his head.

"Down on your knees," was the order, "now answer from the dust." They all fell on their knees with their heads to the ground.

"Now answer," commanded the magistrate, "are you idle one day during each week?"

Mr. Kim became the spokesman for the company. "Yes, your Excellency," he said without looking up from the earth, "that is our practice."

"One day out of seven," repeated the official, "that means two months out of every year, idling for two months. No wonder your heads are full of all wickedness, what mean you?"

"A word please, your Excellency," came the muffled voice of a man who had addressed the magistrate so bravely before.

"Out with it you vagabond, what now? Be quick about it."

"Pardon me, sir, for being bold to speak, but before I became a Christian I spent half my time either getting drunk or getting sober. I spent six months of the year after that manner, and besides I was often injured in fights which made me idle many days, and, too, I often injured the other man and he was idle also. I beg of you not to take my word for it but ask anyone, or all of your servants if what I say is not true. Now, sir, I work every day except the Sabbath, and have of my income bought a house, and God willing it shall be paid for soon. I never owned one before—I am now 40 years old. Not only that, sir, but I have also persuaded two men on either side of me to give up lives of drunkenness and they are making money too. You could get a good deal more money out of me by squeezing me now than you could have done before I was a Christian."

"Enough, fool," replied the secretary, "we want no more of your prattle. You prove the vileness of your heart by making one word in your defence and adding one more to insult the Magistrate."

"Now you Kim, the gospel talker, what say you? Out with it."

"The previous speaker has put the matter plainer than I could have done," was the reply, "though I may add one point more, that is, the matter of observing the Sabbath in the worship of our God is binding upon us as a moral question, and whether it means life or death we shall have to do as our conscience dictates. To disobey you may mean suffering, sir, but to disobey God means eternal punishment. Pardon me, but your Excellency will know how to judge us in that case."

The respectful but firm voice of the speaker infuriated the magistrate. "What have we here? You defy me, you, you offspring of dogs, you lead this people to rebel against my will. Death! Fool, it means death! Such language means death! Harken, you vermin of the dust; let me hear of your being idle another day and I will beat the flesh from your bones, do you hear?" He then motioned to his secretary to continue the examinations.

"You have heard the commands and threats of his Excellency, now mark you and obey the man who has never broken his word. There is still more to follow. Answer, you from Rocky Ridge. The noise you make which you call singing is a nuisance and an offence to the town and to the ears of his Excellency, the Magistrate, and it must stop."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Kim, "that our singing has given offence. Yes, indeed, it would be possible for us to worship without singing, but it would not be natural. Our songs are but the outburst of joy; to stop it is like stopping the bird of its song. When we gather it will be difficult to restrain the burst of song, but—"

"Hold, there," commanded the secretary, "there is something still to follow, a command that if obeyed may help you in restraining the burst of song," and he took a slip of paper from a table and read. "Gathering of people for whatever cause

without permission within the bounds of this judiciary is from henceforth prohibited, on penalty of arrest and punishment—"this is his Excellency's command. Have you heard? And, furthermore, the reading of what is called the Bible is prohibited. Hear and obey. Return loyally to the service of his Majesty the Emperor, obedience to the government, and faithfulness to the worshipful respect of your ancestors. You have heard the commands. Disobey on the peril of your lives."

"Do you hear," was asked each one in turn and they all replied. "Yes, your Excellency, we have heard."

When the company of Christians was dismissed, Mr. Kim fell in behind the rest as they turned to pass out of the yard, but before he stepped through the little gate at the side entrance he was arrested by a motion from one of the magistrate's servants and brought back before the magistrate.

"I will hold you," said that official, "responsible for the actions of these Christians, and if they break my commands it will go hard with you." Mr. Kim met his look with a calm dignity but was allowed to make no reply.

The attitude of the Christians in the mind of that official argued trouble, there was no cringing or protesting, and when he came to reflect they had made no promises to obey. It angered him, and his minions considered it safe to keep at their distance the rest of the day, and when they replied to a command it was with the greatest alacrity and with their loudest and most prolonged calls of "yea-a-a-a."

The little company found their way by natural impulse down to the chapel. Mr. Kim took his seat on the raised platform at one end of the room and they gathered around him and looked into his face as a child gazes into the face of a parent. He was their leader and must tell them what they must do. Even the man who had sat shivering from apprehension while in the presence of the magistrate was there and still shivered for fear, but he would be nowhere else. Mr. Kim looked down at their upturned faces and a great pity filled his heart.

"It is all right, Brothers, and Sisters," he said soothingly, "we have already broken his command in gathering here, but

while you were all passing out, he called me back and told me he would hold me responsible for all that should occur."

"No! no! it must not be that our Pastor suffer for us," someone half sobbed. "Why, we ought to have had more discretion, and have not come here."

"Shall we not quietly withdraw?" suggested someone.

"What," said another, "we cannot pray any more, we can not read the Bible any more; we can not come here any more, and we can not sing any more." Then there was a pause, and so still was it that the chirping of a cricket filled the room with its plaint. Finally Grandmother Pagoda began to hum in an undertone "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." She looked up at the preacher and her eyes kindled. Receiving a nod from him, she raised her voice a little louder, someone started in to follow her, the pastor smiled his approval and others hummed it together, then when they struck the third stanza the company rose to its feet and with their faces streaming, sang, till the song swept out over the town, up across the hill to the home of the magistrate and echoed back again from the mountain cliff.

"Let us pray," said Mr. Kim. Long and earnest were their prayers for help to endure the suffering that now awaited their defiance of the magistrate's words; there were many sobs, "O Lord!" they cried, "help us to testify of Thee even though it be with beatings and death."

They turned to passages of Scripture and read aloud scenes in the New Testament of persecutions, and conquering faith, nor did they neglect the story of the martyrdom of Stephen. They read without formality, responding as different ones called for this passage or that. Mr. Kim let the meeting take its own course, and only assumed control when the darkness of the approaching night made it seem wise to send the exhausted people to their homes. He arose, and instantly each one gave closest attention.

"And now," he said, "go to your homes to pray and to rest. I do not think any of you will be called on to suffer for to-day's loyalty to Him and the testimony to your faith. Now, may God keep you, my dear people." They departed in

silence, but not till each one had come forward and taken their pastor by the hand and looked earnestly into his face.

"Hadn't you better leave the town for a while," some one suggested. Mr. Kim held the man's hand in both of his and looked earnestly down into his eyes and replied:

"Peter said unto Him 'Far be it from thee, Lord,' and Jesus replied 'get thee behind me Satan.' Take it back, you will, won't you, my friend; you would not want me to deny my Lord?" He smiled down at the man till his would-be friend broke into tears and left the room.

Mr. Kim resided in the home of one of the Christians, and when his host stretched himself out on a mat for the night, the preacher continued long on his knees in prayer. Their sleeping arrangements were simple. A coarse mat covered each floor, and was their bed; a wooden block served each for a pillow. During the night, his host awoke and saw Mr. Kim sitting by the candle with his Bible still open before him. The morning light was just creeping in through the papered windows when there came a knock at the door. Mr. Kim responded immediately to the call, and as he opened the door, a liveried runner of the Magistrate stood before him and ordered him to follow. Without a question Mr. Kim followed at the man's heels. He was taken to the prison, and before entering the building the runner called out in a prolonged "hello" which was taken up by many others and repeated again and again till the call echoed back from the mountain side. All in the town knew that an important capture had been made by the magistrate's runners and the word "Christians" was on the lips of the people.

Mr. Kim was thrust into the prison and no explanations were made and he asked no questions. He knew that the Magistrate intended to visit upon him the punishment due all those who had disobeyed his orders. All that day he waited apprehensively for the trial and the inevitable punishment, but no one visited him and no food was brought to his cell. Occasionally he heard voices in trivial conversation, or in high altercation. During the early morning there had been a trial and the prisoner had been placed on a plank and beaten. He

heard the cries and moans and the victim had been dragged back into a cell adjoining his own and left there to bemoan his bruises. It was hard to wait, harder than punishment. It was evident that his friends were not permitted to see him, for he had confidence in their willingness to suffer in the effort to help their pastor. Their absence added testimony to the rigor of his coming punishment. He watched the sun when it swung westward and shot its rays between the heavy planks of his prison—then silence reigned over the place. The light spot on the floor began to stretch across the room; he watched it as it traveled bit by bit toward the opposite wall; he listened for noises while his eyes measured the distance between this bit of earth and the sun's rays, then when the space was covered he noted another task for the sun to perform, and again watched it through its labor till at last the bright streak had stretched to the opposite side of the room. Then it slowly climbed the wall till it had reached as high as his head when it suddenly grew dim. A roof on the opposite side of the yard was shutting off the light. Finally it went out and the sun had finished its daily task. He watched the shadows of the evening darken up his cell till twilight reigned within, then the corners darkened and gloom filled the room. At last only a halo of twilight hovered around the heavily barred aperture used as a window on the opposite side of the room. It was above his head. He went to it, pulled himself up to the opening and looked out at the yard and the silent building on the opposite side. He tried the bars without intent otherwise than a restless desire to feel their strength. They resisted his efforts to stir them. He then sat down on the opposite side of the room and waited. It was so hard to wait. At last he bowed in prayer, and then with peace in his heart stretched himself on the ground to rest.

How long he had been sleeping he did not know, but suddenly, he was awakened by a light, flickering through the cracks of his prison wall, and voices speaking in low guarded tones. The chain rattled on his door and two men came in. They each carried a heavy cudgel and one of them had slung a rope over his shoulder.

"Delighted to see you," said a voice whom he recognized as Chang-dingi. "Sorry we have not better quarters for you, but our country is poor and her guest rooms, I fear, are not luxurious. In fact I fear you are in a hard way. We know you and we know that you have committed no crime; however, the magistrate has determined to make an example of you. My friend here, and I, have determined to help you if we can, that is if you will let us. Now, there is a little custom which is followed in this prison with which you may not be familiar, otherwise, you no doubt would express delight at our coming. The prisoners are in the habit of making their keepers a present and they in their turn agree to make the punishment light. Of course we do not know what your sentence will be, but you can not hope to escape the paddle. We have some skillful men with us who can strike terrific blows without hurting. A few days ago my friend here pounded the end of the paddle almost to pieces on the ground, and the magistrate thought the prisoner was being beaten terrifically. I simply told the prisoner that whenever he heard the paddle fall he must howl lustily, throw up his head, and make all the hideous grimaces known to fiends; he did his part well and got off without a scratch. I only charged him five hundred yang and my friend here charged him only five hundred yang. One thousand yang; and he escaped with a whole skin! Cheap payment, wasn't it? What do you say." They had squatted down on the ground with Mr. Kim, and the light fell full into their faces, nonchalant, humorous, yet filled with cunning cruelty.

"Friends," said Mr. Kim in reply, "I am a Christian and it is against my religion to lie even to gain great advantages. I want you to believe me when I tell you that I have no money. I receive a monthly stipend from my employer and when I have paid my traveling expenses out of it there is nothing left. I have not even money enough to send home to my wife and child. My home is 800 li from here. My wife tills our rice fields for a living; were I not preaching the Gospel and doing it from the standpoint of sacrifice, it would be with a sense of shame that I have to confess that I do not add to the support of my family. My wife is a true woman and for the love of

the cause to which I have given my life does her task cheerfully. I tell you frankly and sincerely I have but few cash that I could give. I beseech you, do not press me in this matter for I have told you the truth. Let me meet whatever cruelty the magistrate may be disposed to put upon me, for, indeed, I am ready to be offered up for the cause I love, and let me add lest you should not understand me, and please give close attention to my meaning; though I might have any amount of money I would not bribe you under any consideration. It will save needless effort on your part if you can understand that it would be impossible for me to break a moral law enjoined upon me by my religion. Suffering and even death are simple things; to break God's law by a falsehood might overwhelm me for eternity."

He had spoken with simple dignity and in a language that had carried conviction. It was not what they expected to hear. They had looked for sullen refusal, or whimpering protestation which might end in a compromise. They came prepared, however, to get their money however stubborn the resistance.

"I fear," said the previous speaker at last, "that you do not know that at first we would make a polite request for what we want and then if we do not receive it, or a reasonable sum, we compel the prisoner to give what we demand. That is the custom of the prison and it would really seem unreasonable to break so good and so old a custom. Now think a bit before you come to so determined a decision. See," he added holding up the rope and showing his cudgel, "we came prepared to enforce our request. There are a good many hours between now and daylight and your trial can not come off before nine o'clock to-morrow. His Excellency does not rise with the cock crowing. It is astonishing how much beating a man will take before he yields," he continued meditatively, as if to give time for the form of his words to take effect, "you are a rugged chap and it would take some time for us to beat resistance out of such a mass of muscles but in the end you would be beaten to the floor. Why, man, some people think that the magistrate's paddle is terrible, but it is only a mother's caress beside what happens in these cells sometimes when we have a specially

obstinate prisoner. Let me see," he added, as if ruminating over the matter, "800 li from here a few paddy fields? I believe he is telling the truth, as above all things he claims honesty. Now one of our men happens to come from a town near there; this good man might give us an order on his wife, and if she has not ready money, why she could mortgage one of her fields; or an order written to his employer stating that he was under distressing circumstances, that would certainly bring money to one so faithful to his employer. See here," he added, turning directly to Mr. Kim, "you see we often have to suggest to our friends easy methods out of financial difficulties. You may have just overheard my meditations on the matter; if you have, why, just consider them addressed to you and kindly be as expeditious as possible and write out such an order for us. See," he continued, "we came prepared in all these little details. I have a sheet of paper and I think that my friend here will be able to produce a pen. Oh, yes, I forgot some of our friends are not ready with the pen on business matters of this kind. I will therefore write out for you the form and then you will not even have to copy it; that will be so easy and simple you will hardly know that it has been done."

He then bent down to the lantern and wrote on a slip of paper a demand for one thousand yang to be paid to the bearer. "Now," said he, straightening up, "I have left proper places for you to fill in the names of any persons you may see fit; probably your wife would be the easiest one to address; we might let you have paper enough to make a love letter out of it; as I think of it, that would be a better plan. You will pardon me for suggesting these little details, but I have found by long practice that these things come a trifle awkward to the uninitiated. Not every one is in the habit of writing love letters. No reflection intended, you know."

"Dear, dear it does seem such a pity that men will often be so foolish as to refuse to do what after much suffering they will be compelled to do anyway. It seems to me, friend, that your argument is fallacious for who could blame a man for doing what he is compelled to do; or, who on earth would order a man to do what he could not do? Would you order a coolie

to pick up a house and carry it on his back, and because he could not do so would you beat him for not obeying? No, you would have more sense. Now, is your God less just than you? If we beat you into a pulp could you help giving to us? Bribe? Why man you use the wrong word, you are not bribing us; we are robbing you and compelling you to give to us. Would you be condemned for being robbed? Your moral argument will not stand. Now, would it not be better for you to shell out quietly and let us labor for your interest to-morrow, or if you think that by mitigating your punishment to-morrow it would be tantamount to a bribe on your part, why, to save your conscience, we will let you take the whole force of the beatings, that is, if you frankly say that you want it to be so, but in any case, we are here to rob you. Understand it is robbery if that idea fits your conscience any better. Most people like to understand that we are helping them and they pay an honest price the same as a man would pay the price of a shelter from a storm. I really fear that to-morrow will be a stormy day for you; usually they think it is for their advantage, that is all they know about it, and I think that they are right, but as we are liberal and generous as to other people's opinions, you are privileged to look at it from any direction you want to. Now, friend, here are slips of paper and here is a good pen and a light sufficient for the work; just take them in your hand and if needs be, think of it a moment, but in any case sign what I have written."

Mr. Kim reached for the slips of paper as they were handed to him and immediately tore them into bits and replied:

"In many things I am weak and do not always understand God's word, but among the many blessings He has bestowed upon me is a healthy body and there lies no power in the hand of man to rob me in the way you have planned. To knock me down and take from me my money would not be difficult, but to compel me to sign such a paper is beyond the power of you or your magistrate or any other man, and therein lies my responsibility. To submit to dishonesty for personal comfort would in my mind, be as great a crime as to commit the dishonest act myself."

"Well," said the runner, "I regret exceedingly your decision, as it will impose upon us an unpleasant task and cause you considerable inconvenience." Motioning to his companion, they attempted to seize Mr. Kim by the wrists. He had risen with them. He had hunted the tiger in his northern home to a purpose and lacked neither strength nor courage, and when seized, he straightened up and caught his tormentor under the chin and with one motion hurled him through the partly open door. The act was so sudden and unexpected that the second man had not recovered himself before Mr. Kim picked him up and shook him till his teeth rattled and he cried out in terror. Mr. Kim dropped him and he ran incontinently for the door. Just without the door he stumbled over his accomplice who had begun to recover from the shock of his fall. They started to flee, then thought of the open door, and with one impulse turned to close it but Mr. Kim stood in the doorway looking down upon them. The man who had acted as spokesman in the dialogue with Mr. Kim was a coward but he had some wit and raised his voice for help, but the words were strangled in his throat. "See here," said Mr. Kim sternly, shaking the man with such good will that he crumpled into a heap when he released him. "I am a prisoner of the Magistrate and as yet uncondemned and you will lay hands upon me unlawfully at your peril. You may not agree with my philosophy but you will agree that I am not helpless. You have called yourselves robbers, which is correct, and I shall defend myself as I would against any highwayman. Now take note; your clubs are in my cell and I can use them, note also that your rope is there and I would not hesitate to tie both of you to the post where you have made others suffer so often. For me to escape would bring you into trouble, would it? Well, you need not fear my escape, which as you see I could easily do. I am here to answer for no sin, and fear nothing, but to the Magistrate alone do I submit." The moonlight scudding from beneath a cloud filled the yard with light, and showed the prison key at Mr. Kim's feet. He picked it up and handed it to the astonished jail keepers and withdrew within the cell. He listened to the

grating of the heavy key in the lock, and to the retreating feet—then lay down and was soon lost in profound slumber. He did not realize, however, the implacable purpose of the men of blood. Had he done so, no tiger in his mountain home would have watched with a more wakeful eye. He underrated their resources even as they had underrated his strength.

The two men in crime hastened to take counsel with their friends regarding the strangest of all strange creatures with whom they had come in contact. Four boon companions were sleeping on the floor of one of the rooms that open out on the street in front of the Magistrate's office.

"What's up now," they asked when Mr. Kim's two persecutors awoke them. "Ah," said one, "got it easy, did you? How much? Come now, divide your plunder. We gave the job to you thinking you had a tough customer." These and other remarks were hurled at the two men as they entered the room and roused out the sleepers.

(To be Continued).

